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COTTON AND GAMBLERS

Review of Conditions As Affecting Present Situation

GROWERS FLEECED GOING AND COMING

With the Beginning of the War In 1914, the Farmers of the South Were Made Victims of Big Business Manipulation, and With the Coming of Peace New Effort Is Made to Repeat the Operation.

[The following was prepared for the editorial columns of the last issue of The Enquirer; but having been crowded out of its proper place, is being printed here to avoid the possibility of its being crowded out again.]

It is not pleasant to criticize those in authority, and due allowances must be made for the selfishness of human nature. It is necessary, however, in a public government that the people should be kept informed on public affairs and that their servants should be held to strict accountability.

The producers of this country have cheerfully responded to every call upon their patriotism; they have given their young men to fight on foreign soil; they have bought Liberty bonds, paid heavy income taxes and supported the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. without stint, but they will fiercely resent being deprived by gamblers of the just fruits of their toil.

In 1914 cotton was forced down to 6 cents per pound and was bought up by middle men who sold it through government aid in Europe at a profit of about $50.00 per bale. The cotton producers lost about $400,000,000 on that crop. It seems to us and we believe that time will show a gigantic conspiracy in New York and Liverpool to repeat on a large scale the performance of 1914.

It is evident now that the south is going to frustrate its accomplishment, but undoubtedly some of the insiders have made a "killing," provided they can get out of the market and take their profits.

When the government report was made in October, it showed that there would be another short crop and cotton prices at once went to 36 cents a pound in New York. The December report not only confirms that made in October, but shows a further decrease of 118,000 bales.

Cotton advanced to 36 cents a pound in October when war was in progress and no one thought it would be over before 1920, yet when the October report was more than confirmed cotton went down around 22 cents.

What is the explanation of these facts? After the October report there was a hue and cry to fix the price of cotton. This checked a further advance or within a week after the October report cotton would have seen 40 cents per pound. It [illegible] back below 34 cents and as prices were fairly satisfactory planters began to sell. Manufactured goods were selling on a basis of $1 per pound for raw cotton and the government was giving out contracts on the basis of 50 cents per pound.

It did not suit these speculators for the government to fix the price of cotton for that would have prevented fluctuation. The average cost of production, owing to a partial failure of the crops in the west, was about 30 cents per pound, this, in connection with the high price of manufactured goods would have forced them to fix the price not under 40 cents.

Here is what happened: The chairman of the war industries board was a Wall Street broker named Baruch. He first achieved national prominence by a large contribution to a Democratic campaign fund and we next hear of him figuring in connection with a stock panic caused by a leak in the president's message. It was easy for **well posted insiders to sell all the cotton they wanted around 35 cents a pound, then all they had to do was to create a panic and knock prices down and buy their cotton in.** There is something absolutely brutal in such methods. It requires no special brains. **The needed requisites are official power and a conscience without scruple.**

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the announcement from the war industries board that they intended to fix the price of cotton. This started the ball to rolling down hill and a few days later an alleged interview with Secretary Houston stated that 25 cents a pound was all that cotton was worth. This completed the disaster, and not until the war industries board went out of business has anybody had confidence in cotton.

We have stated the facts as near as we can and our readers can draw their own conclusions.

Look at the market situation today. Liverpool should only be two cents per pound (with normal export trade) above New York. It was confidently expected that Liverpool would come down in price to meet reduced freight and insurance. Instead of that Liverpool has advanced. The rotten methods of the New York exchange have caused the formation of a new one called the American exchange. On the New York exchange today July cotton is quoted at 24.76, while on the American exchange it is quoted at 29.20.

Liverpool is absorbing cotton at 42 cents per pound—thirteen cents above New York. Even allowing a difference of seven cents per pound, Liverpool is taking our cotton at 35 cents a pound. The New Orleans market has always been below the New York market, and yet it is 75 points now above New York, and the southern spot markets have never followed the decline. The rates of freight are now less than $3 per hundred, against $15 when war was in progress. The rates of insurance ran as high as ten per cent, and now they are less than one per cent. We think that had cotton been allowed to take its normal course and peace found it at forty cents in New York, that Liverpool would have come down to its normal relation with the New York market. The fact that it is not shows that those in the legitimate trade know that there is something "rotten in Denmark." The cotton interests in Europe are going into the market now and they intend to accumulate stocks regardless of what gamblers think of it. This all goes to show that the cotton interests in the south need oranization. They need men who are posted in finance to protect their interest. South Carolina, under the leadership of John L. McLaurin made a start in the right direction and no doubt the educational work done here has had a tremendous effect in holding cotton off the market and **breaking up a gamablers' paradise.**

Those shorts who were not on the inside of the deal, are in the market and will be called on to deliver the actual cotton or pay a heavy premium to get out. Those on the inside sold them the cotton and leave them the bag to hold. The public would like to know who the "insiders" were. Their names would be interesting reading.

MEANING OF BOLSHEVISM.

Here Is a Summary of the Different Socialistic Doctrines.

Despite countless explanations, hostile and friendly, many Americans still confess their inability to comprehend the phenomenon of Bolshevism. Numerous readers of the Daily News have written to ask what, essentially, is a Bolshevik—in Russia, Germany or elsewhere.

Whatever the original or technical definition of the term may have been, Bolshevism signifies today the following set of doctrines:

First. Socialism as taught by Marx in his "Capital" and "Communist Manifesto" is proclaimed the sovereign cure for all social and economic ills. Hence, a socialist republic should be established at once, advantage being taken of the historic opportunity created by the collapse of the European autocracies and military castes. Nationalism is to be superseded by so-called internationalism, the fraternalization of the proletariat of all nations.

Second. Marxian socialism prescribes seizure and nationalization of all private capital—all the means of production. Land, mines, factories, stores, warehouses, shipping, public utilities, therefore, are to be taken over by the socialist state without compensation. Not that socialism excludes the idea of compensation; for under certain conditions even Marxians are willing to pay for private property in order to escape violence and disorder. But at a time of upheaval and revolution, the Bolshevist leaders contend, compensation is unnecessary and sentimental. They scorn "bourgeois morality."

Third. If the troops and middle classes offer resistance to expropriation or to the Socialistic republic, Bolshevists hold, they are to be treated as counter revolutionists, enemies of the new social order. They are therefore entitled to no consideration. They must submit unconditionally or they perish. Revolutionary leaders have no right to display weakness and sentimentality. Terror is held to be as justifiable against recalcitrant capitalists and the bourgeoisie as against tyrannical czars.

Fourth. Whenever [illegible] ed bourgeoisie and aristocrats resist the efforts of Socialist leaders to establish their Marxian republic, for the time being and for an indefinite period to come they must be excluded from power and disfranchised. The transition from the present order to the new must be guided and effected solely by the proletariat—in reality, of course, by a few masterful and arrogant nonworkers who profess to represent the proletariat and no mere bourgeois or aristocrat must be suffered to have a voice in government or legislation during the entire critical period of readjustment. In short, the dictatorship of the proletariat must supersede the dictatorship of the autocrat or the military despot. Opposition to such a proletarian dictatorship is punishable as treason to the Socialist republic. Some time in the distant future the expropriated bourgeoisie may be readmitted into the social union.

The foregoing points sum up Bolshevism. The sentimentalists who apologize for the Lenine and Liebknechts by pleading that after all, they are idealists and noble dreamers, forget, or do not care to know, that they are also ruthless advocates of "mass terror" and merciless suppression of all civil and political rights, the rights of free speech and free assembly not excepted, and that they repudiate and abhor genuinely democratic and free government.

Why has Lenine been able to intrench himself in power while teaching such doctrines as these? Because he has fed the land hunger of the peasants, who are in the overwhelming majority. They have seized and parceled out the great estates of Russia. They know nothing about Marxian socialism, but they uphold Lenine because they intend to keep the land which Lenine permits them to hold.—Chicago Daily News.

Made Them Beg for It.—London is laughing over a story that has just reached there regarding Marshal Foch's reception of the German white flag party. According to this account, when the delegates arrived they announced they had come to discuss terms of an armistice that the associated governments proposed.

Foch regarding them with a blank stare. "Armistice? I know nothing of a proposed armistice," he is said to have declared.

The delegates appeared dumfounded. They explained that Germany had accepted President Wilson's fourteen points, and they understood that an armistice had been arranged.

"We are not proposing an armistice," replied the French commander-in-chief. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"But we have come to obtain an armistice," the spokesman of the German party protested.

"Oh," said Foch, "you have come to beg for an armistice."

"Well," the German hesitated, "I suppose you might put it that way."

The official record is said to contain this line:

"The German delegates then begged for an armistice."

Joseph B. Eastman of Massachusetts, has been appointed a member of the International commerce commission, succeeding George W. Anderson, recently appointed a Federal circuit judge.

The Germans have returned to France twenty cases of religious ornaments, etc., taken from Rheims.

TRAIL OF THE THIRTIETH

Returned Officer Tells of Famous Fighting Division

THE BEST SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD

Nothing Could Stand Before the Splendid Boys—Obeyed Their Officers Except In Holding Back—When It Was Fighting to Be Done, That Was Their Business.

The following is from a recent issue of the Greenville News:

The first personal narrative of the heroic work of the Thirtieth Division in France and Belgium was brought to Greenville yesterday by Captain Robt. E. Craig of Hartsville, commander of Company L, 118th Infantry, who is here for a short time while en route to the base hospital at Biltmore, N. C. Captain Craig landed at Newport News, on November 27 and is suffering from bronchial asthma which he contracted while in the trenches.

Captain Craig told last night of the wonderful work the Old Hickory division did in the great war and expressed the regret that he was not able to be with them at that memorable date when they completely shattered the supposedly impregnable Hindenburg line. "You have never seen such courage, such absolute loyalty as these men displayed and they have accomplished a feat that generations will herald." He said, "When they come home they are entitled to our best, for they are none other than our saviors."

The Thirtieth Division upon landing in Flanders was first billeted at Mont Kemmel, said Captain Craig. This sector had seen some of the bitterest fighting of the war during the first two years and was nothing more than a heap of desolation. "I could not in my imagination have painted anything half so wretched," he said. At the time the Thirtieth arrived the British were daily expecting heavy attack by the Germans and the sight of the stalwart Americans as their support almost made them crazy with joy. The division remained at this base for some time and when the attack never came they were moved up nearer the front. It was indeed a difficult task to hold the Americans back, said the captain, as they could not understand why they should not go right in and fight as soon as they got within reach of the lines.

Captain Craig said that his battalion was the first unit of the Thirtieth Division to enter the trenches, which was some time in the latter days of June. The division was first under shell fire on Independence Day, July 4, and the Thirtieth gave the Boches a run for their money. As soon as the men were in the trenches they began to take a great delight in picking off the snipers although the British cautioned them that their four years of experience had proved such to be bad practice. However, the Old Hickory boys were out to fight and the very first day his own men killed two enemy snipers, he said.

On July 29, just a month after his entrance into the trenches, Captain Craig contracted a malady which was thought to be the trench fever. Physicians later contended, however, that he must have been gassed in some way as he contracted bronchial asthma. He was evacuated from his company and sent to the American base hospital in France, preferring it to Blighty. Here he remained until November, when he was sent to the United States.

Captain Craig paid a very high tribute to the courage and bravery of the enlisted men. "When the histories of this war are written the honor for victory should be given to the privates and corporals and sergeants," he said. They are the men that have done the fighting. They are the bravest set of boys in the world and every person in the United States should honor them. They are absolutely wonderful. I never saw a "yellow" man in the Thirtieth Division. I never saw a man in the Old Hickory wail when he was wounded. I have seen them shot through the limbs, hold their wounds and ask their comrades for cigarettes. You cannot beat men who fight like that. I would be willing to wager that for every casualty in our division there were five in the enemy's.

As a citation of the way the enlisted men fought, Captain Craig told of the heroic act of Sergt. Gardner, a big, broad-shouldered man in his company of whom he was justly proud. During an attack early one morning Sergeant Gardner was leading his platoon just behind the creeping barrage fire when suddenly they ran upon machine gun interference from the Germans. The machine gun was scarcely twenty feet away and could have wiped out the platoon in a few seconds. Instantly Sergeant Gardner recognized the peril and with the steadiness of a veteran drew his automatic revolver and in four clean shots annihilated the machine gun crew. Such acts as these were numerous, said the captain, and account for the wonderful success of the division.

Speaking of the German machine-gun fire, Captain Craig said that the men of the Thirtieth absolutely refused to take a Boche machine gunner prisoner. The operators of these death dealing devices were never given the least bit of mercy, he stated. For that reason the German commanders selected their bravest men for machine guns and they were great fighters. "Any impression that the Germans are cowards would vanish if one could have seen the way in which they held to their posts, realizing that there was absolutely no hope for their lives.

Captain Craig was in the hospital at the time of the big drive when the Thirtieth Division penetrated the Hindenburg line and established its name as one of the greatest fighting units in France. He had opportunity, however, to talk with some of the officers who were engaged in the fight and told of many interesting details of it. The boys took the Germans by storm, he said, and nothing on earth could have stopped them. But the fine aid given by the British artillery was indispensable to their success, and cleared the way for them to a certain extent. The British dominated the enemy in big guns and their barrage was nothing less than a sheet of steel. It was incredible to believe that even the smallest insect would live in that fire, he said, and yet men lived through it. "I have heard German prisoners say that the British barrage was hell," he emphasized, "and I have seen them run for their dear lives when the barrage was concentrated upon them."

Captain Craig said that his company went into battle with 236 men and came out with 56 of its original personnel.

SERVANTS OF HUMANITY.

President Wilson Has the Right Conception of the Peace Conference.

"I am confident that the big council of statesmen of the world will be able to reach a just and reasonable solution of the problems that will be presented to them and thus earn the gratitude of the world for the most critical and necessary service which has ever been rendered it," said President Wilson in an interview last Friday, referring to the approaching peace conference.

The interview was given to the correspondent of the London Times. In it the president is reported to have stated his views on the discussion of the freedom of the seas and to have contrasted the evils of the Vienna congress with a hopeful outlook for the Versailles congress.

Lord Northcliffe, editor of the London Times, has given the Associated Press a copy of the interview, from which the following extracts have been made:

The congress of Vienna, the correspondent says President Wilson told him, was a congress of "bosses." The delegates were concerned more with their own interests and the classes they represented than the wishes of their peoples.

"Versailles, as President Wilson said," the interviewer continues, "must be a meeting place of the servants of the peoples represented by delegates and headed, 'there is no master mind who can settle the problems of today. If there is anybody who thinks he knows what is in the mind of all peoples, that man is a fool. We have all got to put our heads together and pool everything we have got for the benefit of the ideals which are common to all.'"

Asked whether he would visit the grand fleet, President Wilson said that he was afraid he would not have time, adding that he fully realized that behind the great armies there was the strong, silent and watchful support of the British navy in securing the communication of the Allies.

"He referred also to the very happy comradeship and co-operation between the British and American navies."

The correspondent then adds:

"President Wilson, in discussing the role of the British fleet in the maintenance of what, at any rate during the war, had been the freedom of the seas for the free people of the world, spoke with a sincerity which no amount of writing can convey. His accents convinced me he is a believer in the [illegible] cency and honesty of the Anglo-Saxon race. He said:

"It is essential for the future peace of the world that there should be the frankest co-operation and most generous understanding between the two English-speaking democracies. We comprehend and appreciate, I believe, the grave problems which the war has brought to the British people and fully understand the special international questions which arise from the fact of your peculiar position as an island empire."

The correspondent declared that he left the president "with the assurance ringing in my ears that he desired to co-operate with the British and with all the Allies in securing with their counsel a new state of affairs throughout the world."

HEROIC NEGRO COMPANY.

Lieutenant Tells What He and His Men Went Through.

The letter given below was written by Harry N. Shelton, a Columbia negro who is a lieutenant in Company C, Three Hundred and Seventeenth Infantry. He is the son of N. S. Shelton, who for 24 years was in the mail service and who resigned voluntarily several years ago on account of his health. Recently N. S. Shelton has been doing carpenter work at Camp Jackson. He is one of the most respectable negro men of Columbia and is well thought of by all who know him.

The letter follows:

"My Dear Mother:

"By this letter you will know that God has answered your prayers and that I am spared thus far.

"It is only through the goodness of the Lord that I am here, for I have been through the test of steel and fire.

"Our last drive was of such that will ever live in the minds of the Frenchmen.

"Our regiment has been brigaded with the French and we were in the last drive and stayed on the 'square heads'' heel until we knocked them over the border.

"My company, single handed, captured one town and a battery of artillery with several machine guns and ammunition; also drove the Boches 18 kilometers all in one day.

"Of course with the French we took several towns and liberated people who had been prisoners for more than four years.

"It was pitiful to see the people coming out to meet us crying and singing the praises of the American soldiers. It was a very cold morning and they served us hot coffee.

"Our splendid work (my company) has been confirmed and we have been decorated for same.

"But we were constantly under the heaviest shell and machine gun fire that soldiers ever went through, but God took good care of us.

"And I want you to thank the pastor and members of Ladson Presbyterian church for their prayers, and tell them that they were answered. Also that they must continue to pray for me.

"I will be home to see them soon.

"I have been in front line and the woods for the last 123 days and I am lucky to get a letter to you.

"So at all times you must accept the will for the deed.

"And when you don't get a letter from me you must not worry.

"I haven't received a word from my insurance yet."—Columbia State.

Twenty thousand demobilized Italian soldiers are desirous of returning to the United States.

THE POTASH MONOPOLY.

Goes From Germany With the Province of Alsace-Lorraine.

The cotton farmers of the south will rejoice over the loss to Germany of the world monopoly of potash. They have felt the dire need of this fertilized ingredient since the outbreak of the war in 1914, says a Washington dispatch.

Dr. Felix Pinner, the financial editor of The Berliner Tageblatt, in discussing the economic effect of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, points out that Alsace-Lorraine is not only one of the most highly developed manufacturing parts of the empire, but also, what is far more important, one of the chief sources of raw materials with which Germany is not any too well supplied.

"The loss of raw material is final and irreplaceable. The mere mention of ore, potash and petroleum is sufficient to indicate the significance of Alsace-Lorraine as regards raw materials.

"It is stated that as to petroleum, Alsace produced prior to the war 42 per cent of the total amount of 120,000 tons of crude oil produced in Germany, and while the yield has increased somewhat lately, it is still of slight importance as compared with the total German consumption of petroleum. The potash deposits are of far greater importance, both from an economic and politico-economic standpoint. It is true that the potash deposits in the other parts of Germany are more than sufficient for domestic consumption and export. But the loss of the Alsatian deposits (about 10 mines belonging mostly to the German potash syndicate) will deprive Germany of the world monopoly which it has heretofore enjoyed and take away from it one of the few weapons of economic defense. While the statement in the Allied press to the effect that the Alsatian deposits will be sufficient to provide potash for all countries outside of Germany may be exaggerated, the fact remains that the loss of these deposits is of extreme importance. The potash monopoly, the writer asserts, enabled Germany not only to fix the prices for foreign markets above those for domestic consumption, but also to offer an important product in exchang for raw materials produced by countries depending on German potash. The loss of the Alsatian deposits will therefore put an end to the independent export policy of Germany as regards potash and will force it either to cut prices or enter into an agreement with the new owners of the Alsatian deposits.

"The most severe blow will be the loss of the iron ore deposits. It is safe to state that without the acquisition of the Lorraine iron ore deposits in 1871 the astonishing development of the German iron and steel [illegible] ry would be unthinkable. From [illegible] few million tons the German iron and steel production increased within the two decades preceding the outbreak of war to 19,000,000 tons, far outdistancing the British production and being 10,000,000 tons behind the American production. The importance of the Lorraine deposits is not indicated by the iron and steel production of Alsace-Lorraine (2,286,354 tons in 1913), but by the fact that the entire iron and steel industry of the western part of Germany, particularly in the Rhenish Westphalia and Saar districts, depended to a large extent on Lorraine minette. The Lorraine and Luxemburg mines (the Luxemburg mining industry being closely connected with that of Lorraine and the separation of Lorraine will probably mean the loss of Luxemburg as a member of the German Custom union) supplied in 1913, 28,500,000 tons of iron ore out of a total of 35,000,000 tons for the whole of Germany, or 77 per cent on the basis of metallic content. The loss of Lorraine would, therefore, mean that for a large part of its iron ore needs Germany would depend on foreign countries, while in 1913 it imported foreign ore to the extent of about 14,000,000 tons, with the metallic content of 7,700,000 tons. It is true that Germany will still be able to import ore from Sweden, Spain, Russia, and, perhaps, even from France, but the raw material basis of its industry will be narrowed to such an extent as to endanger is maintenance and further development."

Experts here think it will not be long until cotton growers can have all the potash they need.

HAIG AND THE WRITERS.

British General Appreciates Work of the Press.

Field Marshal Haig came to Cologne Monday morning writes a correspondent of the Associated Press to make his initial tour of inspection of the territory occupied by the British along the Rhine. Immediately on his arrival the British commander in chief proceeded across the famous Hohenzollern bridge for a meeting with more than a score of war correspondents representing all the great newspapers of the Allied and neutral countries.

The occasion was in the nature of a farewell to the writers, who have been accredited to British general headquarters and who finished their labors when the British completed their occupation of the territory assigned to them under the armistice. In a brief address the field marshal expressed the deepest thanks for the work done by the press in presenting the truth of the war to the world and the hope that the correspondents henceforth would devote their energies in advocating everlasting peace.

No Swell Heads.

"Do not let us get swell heads over our victory the same as other persons did after 1870," said the field marshal.

"I wish to thank you," said General Haig, "for the great services which you have rendered during this war, which indeed has been the greatest war in history. I know that you have displayed untiring energy and contempt for danger in following the the troops in all their offensive actions. I know you have done your utmost to give accurate and complete information to the public through the great journals which you represent. It is impossible to do more than you gentlemen have done.

"You of the British press from the beginning of the struggle have carried out your work with complete success. Your dispatches have helped to give hope and courage to our families at home and to enlighten the public as to the magnitude of Great Britain's effort in the great cause of freedom.

"The Allied press representatives have cemented the bonds of union between our Allies and ourselves by spreading the truth in their respective countries by presenting our efforts in their true perspective.

Thinks of Basset.

"At this moment of triumphal victory your fallen comrade Mr. George Basset is in my thought.

"The correspondents of the United States have by their accounts of the steady devotion and courage of the British soldiers tended to bring about a better attitude in America towards the British, they have had a large share in producing the mutual esteem which now exists between the two countries. May this feeling develop and long continue.

"I have also to thank those representatives of the neutral press who have left the security of their homes and who out of love for justice and fair play, have borne testimony to what they have seen on the British front. In no previous war have the relations between the army and the press been so entirely satisfactory. Perhaps that is one reason why we are at this moment standing on one bridge over the Rhine.

"I hope henceforth that your efforts may tend toward universal peace, universal good will and closer union between the peoples represented by the noble soldiers whose deeds on these battlefields you so ably have chronicled."

WHERE GUNS ARE TESTED.

Ordnance Department Leaves Nothing to Chance.

On the greatest ordnance-testing reservation in the world,, which is at Aberdeen, Md., every shell that goes across is fired at least five times; every shipment of shells or bombs is thoroughly tested, and every hand grenade is put through its paces to see what it will do to the enemy.

All day the guns, big and little, thunder their salvos across Chesapeake Bay. Big airplanes soar overhead and drop bombs which tear great craters in which was once peaceful farm lands. Trench mortars of all sizes and varieties hurl their whizzing projectiles over the landscape. Gas projectors discharge what seems to be large tin cans into the air—gasless here, but loaded with deadly fumes "over there." And the din is more than the naked ear of the layman can stand.

The most thrilling experience of the day was the airplane raid on the bomb[illegible] field. There was nothing "[illegible]" about it; one bomb [illegible] yards from the ob[illegible] and gave the spectators a [illegible] scare. From this tower, nearly 100 feet high, stretches northward for several miles a broad, flat expanse of meadow, land torn up by bomb craters. Coming up from the aviation field, thirteen miles south, at an altitude of 3,000 feet, a squadron of three Curtiss planes, each carrying three 100-pound high explosives bombs, flew, one by one, over the tower. Almost while they were over it, they released their bombs, the momentum of the craft carrying them forward onto the field.

One could see the bomb from the moment it dropped from the plane until it hit the ground, throwing a cloud of sand and smoke fifty feet in the air with a terrific detonation.

The bombs penetrate three or four feet into the ground and in a moment a sheet of flame bursts into the air and blazes for fifteen minutes. When one of these bombs is dropped on a German warehouse the owner doesn't have time to move out for the explosion of the bomb throws the liquid flames in all directions. The bombs are loaded with a highly inflamable material of a secret composition.

At the main proof battery stands an array of field guns of all calibres, siege guns and machine guns, naval guns mounted on railway trucks, anti-aircraft guns mounted in automobile trucks and on permanent mounts, and giant howitzers with their noses pointing out for twenty of thirty feet. Field artillery carriages of all kinds used by the army are also up for testing.

Salvaging Army Shoes. — Worn shoes washed in big steam-roller tubs the same as your collars are washed back home and punctured and badly wounded rubber boots patched and vulcanized by the methods the tire man used in the garage—these are two of the hurry-up ways in which the army salvage plant at Blois, France, is cutting time and labor in making old shoes and boots into new.

No other shoe plant in the world washes shoes in a laundry machine, the salvage men say. Soaking hardened shoes in oil vats is another new feature.

In repairing rubber boots, big-scale operations have produced more novel methods. For instance, there's the drying of boots after they have been thoroughly washed. The boots are placed, soles down, over hollow tubes out of which rush continous blasts of hot air.

After all the torn parts have been cut away and the edges cleaned—perhaps the whole heel and half of the sole must be taken off—the boot is shoved on an iron last of exact size. Expert tire repair men then build up new fabric in the holes, using strips of raw leather, and a molded heal if necessary. Then the boot is clamped in a steam-frame and baked until the new parts are as solid as the old.

Shoes that can't be repaired are not wasted. French girls shred their uppers into leather shoe strings each shoe making seven or more strings.—Stars and Stripes.

Official figures, just made public, give the number of persons wounded and killed in Paris during German air raids and with the long range guns during the four years of the war, with a total of 1,211. A tota of 396 bombs were dropped in the city limits

King Victor Emanuel and Queen Eleanor and retinue of Italy, are visiting Paris.

YEARNING FOR HOME

Men of the Army Are Impatient to Get Out

RE-ENLISTMENTS NOT VERY POPULAR

Remaining Soldiers at Sevier Awaiting Their Turn at Discharge as Patiently as They Can; But Taking But Little Interest In Military Work.

By James D. Grist.

Camp Sevier, December, 20.—We fellows who didn't get to go across, but who fought the Battle of Camp Sevier and battles in other camps and cantonments on this side, are to be allowed to wear service stripes in token of our service. That is, we are to be allowed to wear them if we see fit. Personally I don't think I shall see fit. Still, I am aware that I have a habit of changing my mind pretty often. According to war department orders recently published in camp, all officers and enlisted men whose service was on this side are to be allowed one stripe of silver braid worn on the left sleeve for each six months of service. The fellows who served overseas are allowed one stripe of gold braid for each six months of service. There are lots of us who think the silver isn't nearly so pretty and attractive as the gold.

Many of the fellows, though, in this camp have already tacked the silver on their sleeves and strut around camp and around the streets over in the city like a big buck negro on Emancipation day. In fact, local dry goods and furnishing houses have had an unprecedented demand for silver braid this week and have already sold out. I saw one lad yesterday who was out of luck in his quest for the silver finery. So he sewed on his coat a reversed sergeant's chevron which consists of three stripes of flannel of a light color and he was walking down the street and holding his left arm akimbo so as to show off his service stripes just like any of 'em. Tailors in the city and tailors out at camp have been making quite a piece of change by sewing the braid on coats and a number of lads have actually coaxed their best Greenville girls into sewing the braid on for them.

Mess sergeants of the various companies in camp are now working on menus for a most sumptuous Yuletide spread for those fellows whose hard luck it will be to spend the Christmastide in camp. There will be quite a number of us—certainly more than 5,000 at a rough guess. The turkey ration on Thanksgiving day was was more than a pound per man and there were oysters and pork chops and chicken and steak and other things in addition. [illegible] the mess sergeants with whom I have talked, that meal was a regular with the feed they are going to give their respective organizations Christmas. Details are now out hunting for the holly and the mistletoe for decorations and the mess sergeants are already ordering the extras such as celery and olives and fancy cakes, crackers and nuts for the coming feast. Still I heard a fellow say this morning that he'd a blame rather eat ham and eggs at home than caviar and trimmins here, and I wasn't the only man who exclaimed kind of involuntarily like—'Amen, buddy.'

The various welfare organizations in camp—that is, the "Y" the Hostess House, the Jewish Welfare Workers, the Christian Scientists, Lutherans, Hostess House and Knights of Columbus workers, are sticking it out unto the end and the remaining soldiers find entertainment at these centers each evening just as they were won't to do when there was not the slightest sign of peace upon the horizon. The various workers are not as many in number as they were before demobilization of the troops was begun, because as the number of men has diminished, necessity for their services having been diminished. The majority of them appear to be as glad to get their discharge as do the regularly enlisted men. Of course there are a few that will hold on as long as possible for the sake of the job.

I have made that statement before and I know hundreds of other men who have made similar statements, to the effect that they wouldn't have been out of this man's army while the war was on for anything in the world and that they wouldn't stay in it any longer than possible in time of peace for any consideration. Well, I saw a company of more than 300 men back up their statement yesterday. Under a recent ruling of the war department, any soldier whether he be draftee or regularly enlisted man who desires to re-enlist may have the privilege of entering any branch of the service he might see fit to go into and in addition to that be given a month's furlough and a month's pay along with it. I heard a first sergeant make that announcement to the 300 or more men in his company yesterday. How many do you think re-enlisted? Just one. He was an old timer who has already seen more than twenty years' service in the army. His hair is getting gray and furthermore he is one of those fellows who hasn't the energy or the pluck or the "guts," or whatever you might want to call it to take a chance at getting into something better. He knows that if he does a couple of more hitches or such a matter, Sam will pension him at something like fifty or sixty a month. He requested transfer to Fort McDowell out in California where, as he put it, "I can lay out in the sunshine all the time." Don't you think that the incident was plenty of evidence of the fact that the average American doesn't regard the army as any place for him in peace times? The four million or so who let every thing go to the dickens and went into it when their country called is plenty evidence that it is their place in the war times.

Somehow the breaking up of camp is like unto seeing a division depart for services overseas, an experience that I have twice had since I started soldiering at Camp Sevier. When one works and eats and sleeps and plays with fellows for a term of weeks or month no matter who they are or from whence they came, he naturally becomes more or less attached to the most of them at least and as his friends and acquaintances get their discharges one by one and take their departure for home—this one in New York, that one in Maine, this fellow to California and Bill Smithers to Alaska and another to Wyoming, etc., why it naturally causes him a little feeling of regret and sadness. He wonders where he will see them again and under what circumstances. Despite the fact that it's mostly a game of "root hog or die, devil take the hindmost," and all of that, some fellows get awfully thick and chummy in this army. In the course of the past two or three weeks I guess I have made memorandum of the names and addresses of more than a hundred fellows, friends and acquaintances of mine from everywhere. Of course I have promised everyone of them to drop in on 'em some time in future years. And every bloomin' one of them made me the same promise. Will we? Maybe—but hardly!

DOGS OF THE ARMY.

Soldier Boys Insist on Having Their Pets.

Hatred against the brutal Huns did not destroy the otherwise affectionate disposition of our boys at the front. They accumulated pets of all kinds and when peace is actually here, says Mr. Martin Green, in the New York Evening World, there will be the biggest landing of nondescript elements in the animal, bird, and reptile kingdom since Noah made port on Mount Ararat.

Dogs are the favorite, however. Canines of every describable breed were picked up by the soldiers in devastated territory evacuated by the Germans and civic population. Found under such circumstances, Mr. Green observes, dogs are very grateful and affectionate to the men who rescue and adopt them. And they soon accommodated themselves to the movements and vicissitudes of their new masters. They might lie around and enjoy themselves when the sun shone, or cuddle up on blankets and snooze when it was raining. But there was a great difference when the order came to move, and he thus describes it:

The dogs know as soon as the men that action is coming, and the chorus of yelps and barks that goes up is distracting to persons not familiar with military life in the field. If an infantry unit is moving the dogs of the doughboys tramp along with them as long as they are afoot. When a dog gets tired he is carried or put on a truck or supply-wagon. How the dogs manage to find their masters after hours or sometimes days of separation [illegible] of the wo[illegible] life. [illegible] diers say that [illegible] ment is a large body of men; but the men get to know the dogs in a general way, and besides most of the dogs wear identification tags, just like those worn by the men, suspended around their necks by the regulation tape. But unmarked dogs are lost and found regularly, and it is the more remarkable because in our clean-shaven army all soldiers look pretty much alike.

Hurried movement, especially at night, rouse the dog pets of the army to a frenzy of excitement. I was awakened from a sound sleep in a hotel in Soissons one night last spring by the barking of dogs. The chorus was terrifically clamorous. I went to the window and saw, passing along the narrow street French soldiers, in motor-trucks, hurrying up to the Oise, which the Germans were approaching in their March offensive.

The dogs made as much noise as the rumbling of wheels on the rough stone pavement and the sound of the engines of the trucks. Not a light showed in the long caravan—which passed through the city all night, by the way—but out of the indistinct moving mass came the voices of the soldiers' pets raised in unconscious, but none the less sincere, tribute to the charm of the life of the soldiers.

The dogs are not allowed to bark, though, when they are close to the enemy, or when a surprise attack is in preparation. They appear to know the necessity for silence when their masters tell them to keep quiet. Often as a measure of precaution they are buried away under a pile of blankets so that even though they bark the sound shall not be heard.

Of course there are many fights among the pets, and great tales are told of the prowess of certain dogs, and sometimes the owner of one fighting dog will casually take his pet to the vicinity of the camp of another soldier who is reputed to own a fighting dog. When the men go into action the dogs are left behind and many a pet watches with anxiety in his eyes for days and days for his soldier master who patted him on the head and went away and did not return.

Grog.—A grog-shop is a low saloon and grog in modern usage is any kind of strong drink. The word originated in the British navy in a curious way in 1740 or thereabouts. It seems that Admiral Vernon a bluff disciplinarian, anxious about the health of his sailors, when he was in West Indian waters diluted their daily ration of rum with water because he thought neat spirits were too strong for the men in the tropics. The men grumbled among themselves, and whenever the admiral appeared on deck they would say, "Here comes old Grog!" referring to a raincoat of grogram which he wore. He became [illegible] in the navy as "Old Grog," and the [illegible] luted rum which he served [illegible] named for him. His grogram [illegible] was made of a course weave of [illegible] hair and silk, stiffened with [illegible] shed the rain. The word [illegible] a corruption of the French [illegible] meaning coarse weave [illegible]

The admiral had L[illegible] ington, brother of Geo[illegible] on board of one of his [illegible] made his famous [illegible] Cartagena in 17[illegible] is described [illegible] by Smollett [illegible] admiral [illegible] his home [illegible] he call[illegible] which [illegible] when [illegible]